

## The Garden

Gold birds slouched  
in palpable dusk,a  
foliage sagging under

aromas resident and  
cold,this purple rankness edging

close. Don't bother rising up,fetching  
a robe for your life

has come to nothing  
requisite.

### Solitaire

Scowling up the wrong page  
could be Genius of the Age.

Was ever thus 'n'twill be,  
I suppose. You hear the leaves  
turning alongside sleep.

What was the Borges's story?

The pages themselves  
kept splitting,  
ENCORE.

Such a book would jam  
our world in time.

Frightful! How then could you be  
known? Another smother.

### Low Art

Gershwins knew the book was shit,  
urged songs to bridge

orangutang inanities. Revivals suck  
*AWFlee-innocent-cutesey-wootsey*

the *ooo-so-*

neverwas. Ah yes,  
the glitter  
y maid astride

the halfmoon  
of the logo:

one must lift her  
panties down.

*after the fairy tale by Christina Rossetti*

At the Goblin Market

Laura n' Lizzie puttin' out  
innocence at a stretch,  
jazzed by men extending

maddest fruit, and who  
to believe, ever,  
'round women and men?

## The Haul

God hasn't got a point  
of view,might say  
*let go,don't SEEK*

*justice,wringing  
your heart thus.  
You'll need it full*

*of blood.*

The History of Getting On With It

When the miraculous adjourns,  
the familiar exalts.  
God exits,

but the milkmaid, ah,  
walks.

## A Salt Lake In Turkey

No top or bottom  
blotching furious  
bright. No way

to find a way.  
*Nothing human*

*is alien to me.*  
Goethe knew this  
whiteness

after white.



## 2 Poems of Dynamic Instruction

### How To Keep From Going Crazy

(1) Be yourself.

How to Go Crazy.

See (1).

### Truth As Cartoon

I can't burlesque Disney characters since  
they'd have me in court forever,

like Dickens' Jardyce v Jardyce in  
*Bleak House*, but, say to suffice, they

all do each other with  
skill, relish, and abandon  
I'll say no more.

(Except Goofy is worth anything  
you have to pay.)

## The Best of Times

When the news of the great  
abstractions touched me,  
I concluded WE!

had won,indeed,the greatest victory  
for Democracy and Freedom,  
a triumph inevitable.

Of Justice over Tyranny. Of...Love,really--  
The Blood of Recent Martyrs enabling me  
to continue floating

loyally in peace!  
But a soft misgiv-  
ing perseverated I  
needn't voice here,which

I confided, though, to our greatest literary  
artist, and he answered in the poetry  
he and his so effortlessly style:  
*Yo' balls already on the block, boy!*

*nobody safe, Motherfuck.*  
*Never.*

O where then can one turn, ever,  
within the great abstractions? Their

stabbing

clarity?

### Contemporary Love

The homely woman  
at the party,  
and we, pretty

much the rest, in  
secret compact this

tedious fact. With  
in the geometry  
of loneliness  
I note our paths,

or flights, intersect. Her  
persistent fashioning at first;  
presently just accident:

we're driven to seek others,  
and no one. At these times

I'm conventionally polite  
and warmer than I might.

A personal God might say

*Just who are YOU*

*to judge my females? Why  
don't you just de-asshole  
a moment? Chill out!--*

*why there might eventually  
be some nice NOOKY  
in it for you,even." Oh yeah? Ole*

GOD wouldn't TALK that sorta way,huh?  
You'd be surprised. Job's to getta  
whole shitload of things ROLLING.

Athwart the entropy  
of modern emotion.

Could Hoover Wear His Dress To the Office?

In the present climate of assent  
who could say yes? What  
is always with us

always vanishes,leaving  
the inner where

nobody can be

blackmailed.

The horse knows the way

among the spooks  
of ancestral hooves,  
can shy, shows moods.

In the cold our own history  
sighs along the dapples,

as with the braided ghosts

of breath  
we reinvent

love,our only summary  
for fate,for heartbreak.  
Not enough

animal,nor  
spirit,we numb.

it's always the same the <sup>1</sup>

bite of the word,  
a slight  
turn

of your lover  
to a friend  
of sorts  
then  
0



## Hypocrisy

No more taunts  
towards washed  
and unwashed.

I'm scanning  
my own slide with

in the shabby strut,  
and can't leave  
the apartment.

Before Christ Was I am

w/ Cleo on the Nile  
knowing on which side  
my bread's bartered,

w/ ee thinking  
*blueeyed*  
*blueeyed,*

w/ Dolphy saying "Dot's  
vun *wonderarsch* y'got  
there, Eva,

makes me wanna cum  
and cum and I could  
if a hairy Jew didn't  
jump into

every

fuckin

thing!"

Ludwig asking *what? what?*

"I said if a hairy..."

I say how do you like  
your blackeyed boys *und* girls,

Mr Death? while  
Alan and Walt check out the bananas  
--*not my brand of vice* I whisper.

So who ASKED you?their bawdy laugh  
and dance and dance away, nice

turn, BuckandWing on down the produce aisle,  
vaudeville *schticks!* Stop!  
ALL of you clownish FUCKERS! This is

the time of the bottom line,  
the bottom,bottomest line,Slime.

w/ Iacocca Ilks assenting  
*You bete your ass!*  
(and is an ass a life? Hey

Eva?)

## An Historical Process

They slide  
the huge blocks  
in,ream

their frigid right  
against us;

with all that ice  
crowding up,

they'll harden. It's

when you get anyone.

Said to a lady

What can I do  
for you

this instant? I could  
eat you

or buy  
The New York Times.

## A Later Invention

Fast abiding in such:  
kiss beneath a groan-  
ing tree as from

the jack-o-lantern houses those  
speeches of our others  
outwreathing in a cone.

Shadows harrowing stones,  
ourselves in breath.

We dream

Irene,

I,too,take a great notion  
but own

a lesser.

## Shipping

Island: is-ness,  
not isthmus yet  
I, the same this

moment, and not,  
allegedly more

stolid against  
encroached

worlds I shun  
for always, this

lonely trek,  
leaving just one

minute too late,  
fated to load up

again, both cargo  
and cult.

Love These *Isms*

Femin for one  
at its extreme  
ladies

commandoraiding  
this rapist just  
acquitted in Germany,

cutting off all  
further conversation.

For the *ballubaise*? Hey!  
musical directors need  
more ZOPRANOS. Lessssshope

they got the right one.  
(Left one too)



Oh well fuck  
a Muslim after lunch,  
puttanigger down a day suh

great time to be livin,I sing a  
walk in the park  
The Rape of Nanking.

### A Vision Sent Up

All these moaning and bitching  
Italians in a field somewhere

with *women* swaying  
in and out

attending to their MESS-  
y needs. Neither role in *MY* training  
I wait,therefore,but wryly

do complain. Eventually. *FUCK YOU!* they scream.  
"Hey! Just for being

myself?" I riot back. "Give me a bREAK!"

*NO! always you wait too long !*

At the invention of jealousy

God said *Is this good or what?*

Writhing dance upon hot coals! Put  
'em in mind of that alternate road.

Jenny For the Longest Moment

still laughing at the idiot heel  
to toe scruff that sweating day.

From the chair she sinks in  
with a cup and sweet

eyes worn by steam, her  
throat arching

lamp  
light  
grain by  
grain.

## The Writer

Dr Johnson treated like shit when he  
repaired to hightea Cambridge  
and you name me a more literary  
sonofabitch from anybody's time.

## The Passion of Thought

How you hear of these groups must  
ering through the ages *re* Jung or someone.

Wouldn't you sense after a time it's  
coffeeand, or a touch

spiriting remembrance into these sessions  
of sweets and prolix thought? What are ideas,

really? The impotent just

reach to variant guns,  
and most strike  
their very names  
for love.

I Just Found Out That It's All Right

Between my balls,ascension,  
another DIMENSION,or so

I've read in the Literature

of Discarding Guilt.

Though faithless  
I am spiritual  
when it comes

to such matters, and cheap,  
though I'll spend and spend.

The Result of Art

Description is agreement  
at the least continuing  
true to others.

Difference proves far,  
bizarre: no one holds  
your bunk either way.

You and I

What would you do?  
What would you do?

It's so easy for you  
to be theoretically moral.

But what if they confronted you  
on *Krystalnacht* with their clubs  
and leers, their sneering

"We're smashing up some Jew  
businesses and some Jews,  
so what do you think? Hey?"

They laugh "We're break  
ing open some Kike heads  
to watch the *scheiss* run out!

Don't you approve? Aren't you with us?  
Herr und Frau UprightCitizen?"

What do you say  
and what would you do?

Probably *Oh dear! Must you?*



Desiring hate to be decorous.

And what say afterward?  
Hey! *I saved my ass? ...the only  
rational thing?* What to your  
children? *What choice did I have?*  
*You can't possibly reason with animals!*

*Note their eyes as you mouth it. And  
forever remember their eyes!*  
*Forever study the eyes of children.*

Somebody put it bluntly.  
Was it Bonhoffer, or Frankl,  
or Bettelheim? YOU,

YOU must act!

Morally on the INSTANT!: Hell  
of a prescription! But, if you can't

stand up to thugs  
then what the fuck  
you living for?

You're not a man.  
You're not a woman.

What the fuck good are your IDEAS?

Jesus. Francis. Buddah. Mohammed.  
John the Baptist, Teresa. King. Ghandi.  
John Brown, Susan Anthony. Luther, X, Joan of Arc.  
Lincoln. Hauptman. Scores of heros. Scores. Scores.  
These but examples! They didn't

perpetually don what we call in America  
a shiteating grin. And they sinned.

But what did they say and what

did they do with the vital chips down?

You know fuckin well,  
and don't we all?

They                stood                up.  
They                spoke                out.

If you believe in God then  
God expects such

heroism. (Of course you're afraid.  
We all start there.)

*Let me be.  
Send up  
your chimneys  
whatever you wish, did you say?*

I mind my own business?  
Go about your own life,  
children, would you say?

*Go about it!  
Go! Don't seek my eyes.*

In my own I see running.  
*Don't seek my eyes,  
not now! Yet*

the test  
will come  
some NOW.

It will come  
as does the sun and rain  
or evening's trailing rust.

Then what will I define? One must  
create a moral self  
in order

to deserve  
death.

### After the Lecture

And even a greater phoney  
because with each question,  
nothing comes to me,so  
I make up an answer

from nerves. Invent it  
and in the process am amazed

it sounds plausible  
the least bit,  
then run with it.

This is creation,yes?--  
a kind of spirit.

Are we where we are,whatever  
intriguing spot because we're  
lazy or clever,or scared? Does

God come round when we're dangerous  
ly puffed?

Then or now?  
deserving.

## One Example of Lesbian Photography

Pussy black-wingspread through  
sheer panties a  
mong seriously unmade bed,

dresser with gummy glass  
knobs in urin

ous light. "HERE! and look  
widely suckahmale,'cause it

aint for you,no0way,not  
even in your sICKEST dreams!"

Okay,but watch out for The Emperor of Ice Cream:  
He'll get yuh,SASS-ASS,regardless of where,  
or inandoutcloset manifestos of HAIR.

Yeah we're all of us t  
RASHY too,relishing sex

shoved at the square world,playing  
Doctor against Institutions  
of Deceit,flaunting IT:

"What'yuh think,huh?  
Huh? Moles of Sniveling?"

They think no more or less as when they dream  
it's all about The Emperor of Ice Cream.

Landing Instructions

You've done all right.  
Dodged crashing by  
steadying flight.

The women you soar past  
are all gnashingly divorced.

With parlors.

Girl to Boy, Sitting In Mall

"This is, like, WAITing." Goad

to do what others must. So?  
aren't we above our drudging

parents, others as uncool?  
Who're like people.

What I see

lingers

on the retinas

till leached  
by blood and bone  
becoming me as much

a lonely mystery  
as love.



## Vanishing Point

Terror sighs mid  
grids ahead. Thinking  
what you said.

## LOUVRE

French Charlie on the VCR,  
crowing 'bout's it Degas?

Anyhow, much repetitious shit  
over vain space, rich

woman squeezing her contemporary tits  
'gainst heros of antiquity. Hey,

Boyer, how 'bout me with Alexander,  
his jiggling my Great Dick?

Sonofabitch!  
Dots of piss  
like fuckin gold!

To some

I continue to write love  
poems where there's none,  
not the passion craved  
at any rate,

and when we're dead at last  
famous, the biographers'll quote  
them to affirm the lust

ful cyclone whirling us in Toto!  
(or Kansas) Just wait

a fuckin minute! you'll  
bellow out the grave.  
In vain.

What difference? Even our friends kick  
our fretful tales around

romance and fantasy, and, not  
the least, wit and humanness  
they know and more  
they sense.

I love women more  
in romantic ways, not the daily  
grit. Like ascending  
Spring, those gusts  
of petals, ozone  
out of fiercest dirt      Frenchkissing  
every cell.  
But they only work out  
in health clubs.

### Advice to the Loveworn

Ever get tired of lying  
and lying,  
ever get sick of your cock  
or your cunt,  
ever get bored with buying  
and buying,  
ever want to suck yourself off?  
Then train,SUCKUH,  
Look yourself in the fuckin eye  
for once.